Dean/Gabriel - God grants Gabriel a fledgling. He has no idea how to care for it.

A fill for an old commentfic meme over at **TEAM_FREE_LOVE**. It's gen and fluffy and I have *no* idea where it's set, canon-wise. Or where Castiel is. Also the fledgling is a character I've stolen from my rp with **JABBER_MOOSE**.

"See the kid with the crayons over there?"

Dean has a look. Normal looking kid seated at the picnic table, doodling in a notebook with crayons. Dark brown hair, a striped shirt and red shorts...Dean looks back at Gabriel.

"What about him?"

"Living proof that hanging out with you guys means trouble," Gabriel says dryly. "Also the newest member of the Host, and technically my little brother."

"You're joking," Dean says, giving the kid another look. Yup, still drawing. "Him?"

"It gets better," Gabriel says. "I'm supposed to raise him as if he were a normal human kid. And that includes school and crayons and every other little ridiculous thing that goes into living like a human."

Something in Gabriel's face tells Dean he's not joking.

"What's his name?"

"Raziel," Gabriel answers. "His name is Raziel."

Two hours later Gabriel's bribed Sam into watching Raz - Raziel himself had protested the use of his full name ("I'm *Raz*, Uncle Dean!") and decided that Dean needs to hear everything wrong about this situation.

"I'm not good with kids in general," Gabriel's saying.

Dean's thinking, *because they can see right through you, am I right?*

"I'm not a 'good example' for what he should grow up into! If Dad wants a new angel, he should palm the kid off onto someone better, like...like Castiel!"

Dean thinks he should be honored that Gabriel trusts him enough to complain like this around him. They're honest complaints, he can tell, but...Dean shakes his head.

"You'll be fine," He says. "Better than the rest of your family, that's for sure."

"And how can you say that?" Gabriel challenges, putting himself in front of Dean, almost in his lap.

"Heaven's full of dicks," Dean says first, and sets his beer down. "And I had to tell Cas who Batman was."

"You've called me a dick before."

"You had the sense to ask for advice *and* to admit that you're not going to be the best parent or brother or whatever with him."

Gabriel stares at Dean, then eyes the beer on the table.

"You're sounding suspiciously mature," He says.

"I don't screw around when it comes to kids, alright?" Dean says, and pushes Gabriel off his lap. "Let me up, I gotta talk to Sam."

Gabriel hmphs and stands up, making a chocolate bar appear in his hands.

Dean pauses by the door. "Gabriel?"

"Yeah?" Gabriel asks around Hershey's best milk chocolate.

"You'd protect him with your life, right?"

"Yes," Gabriel says, and blinks at his automatic response, then nods, getting it. "I would." He's completely serious.

"You're gonna be fine," Dean says, and heads out to check on their brothers.F